THE ROSE OF ALLANDALE

BALLAD

Written by

Charles Jeffery

The Music by

S. NELSON.

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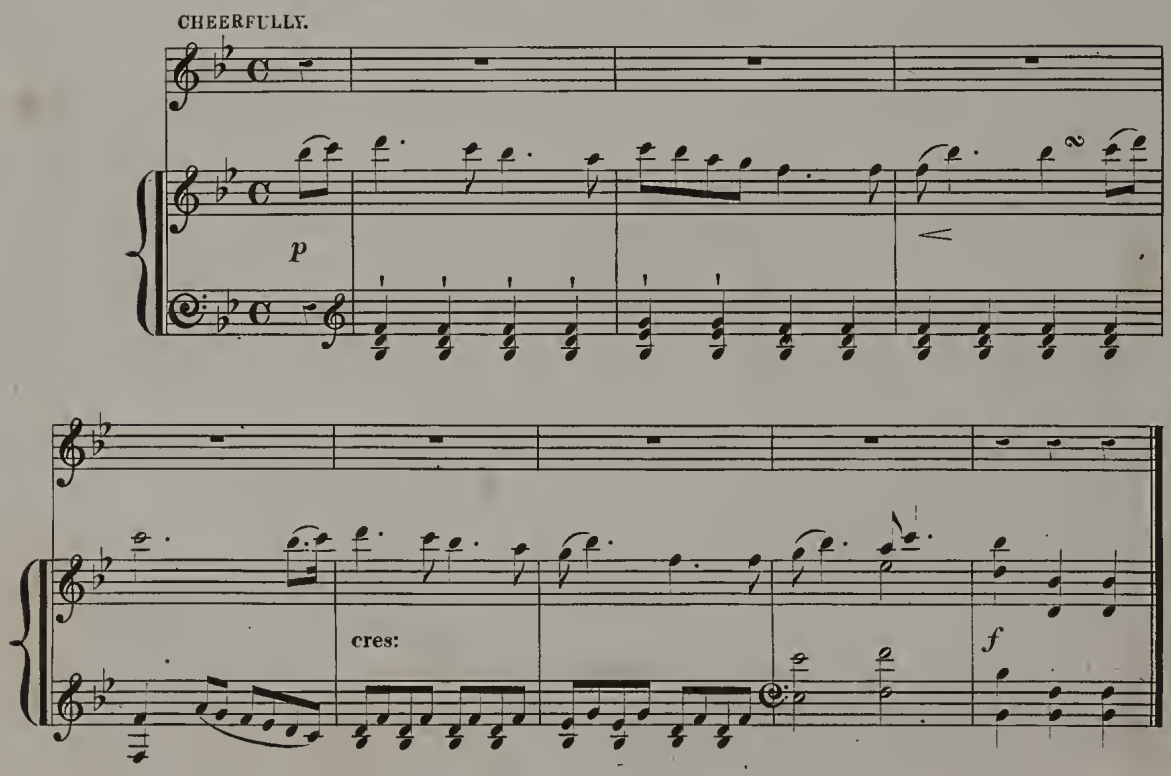

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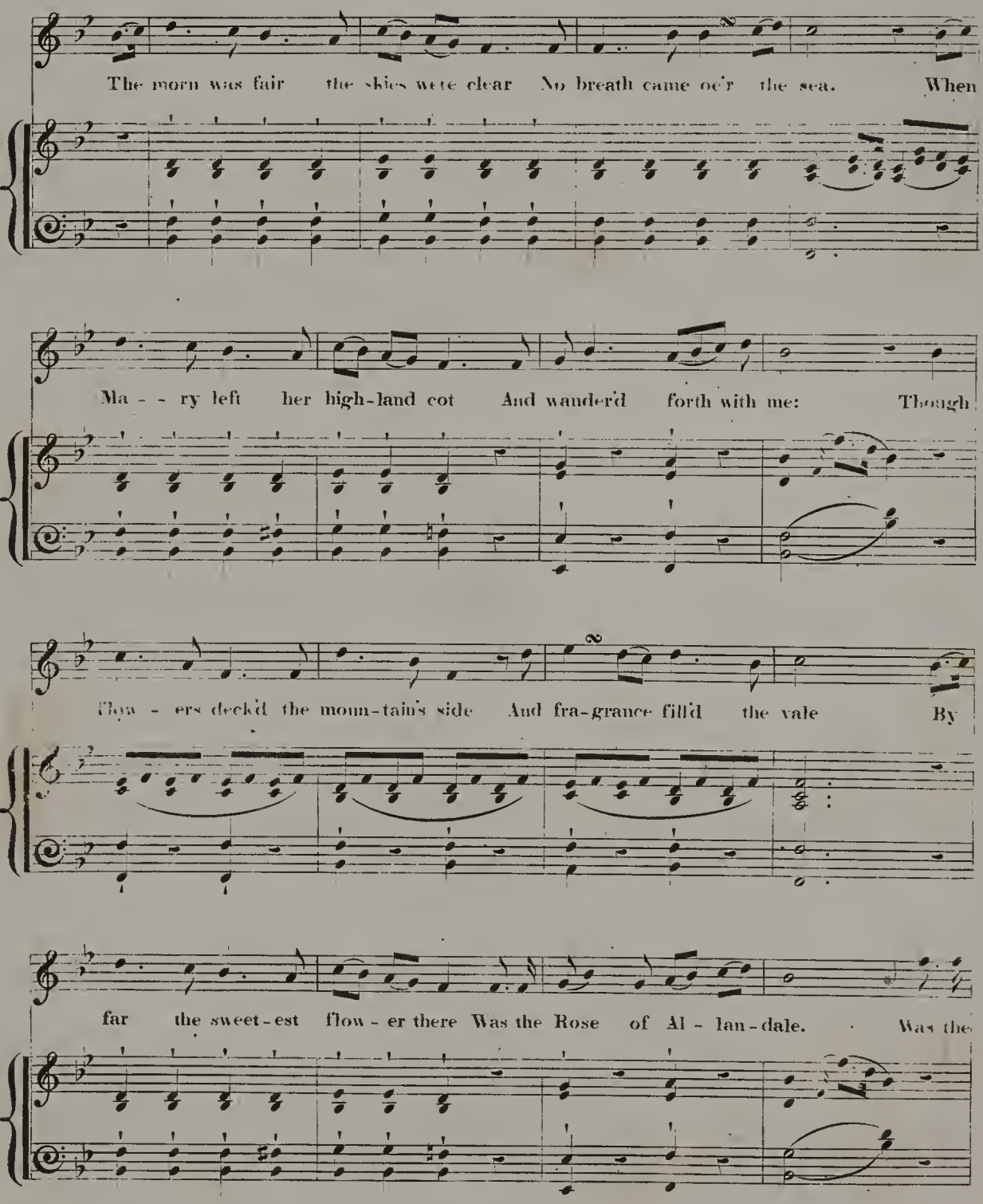
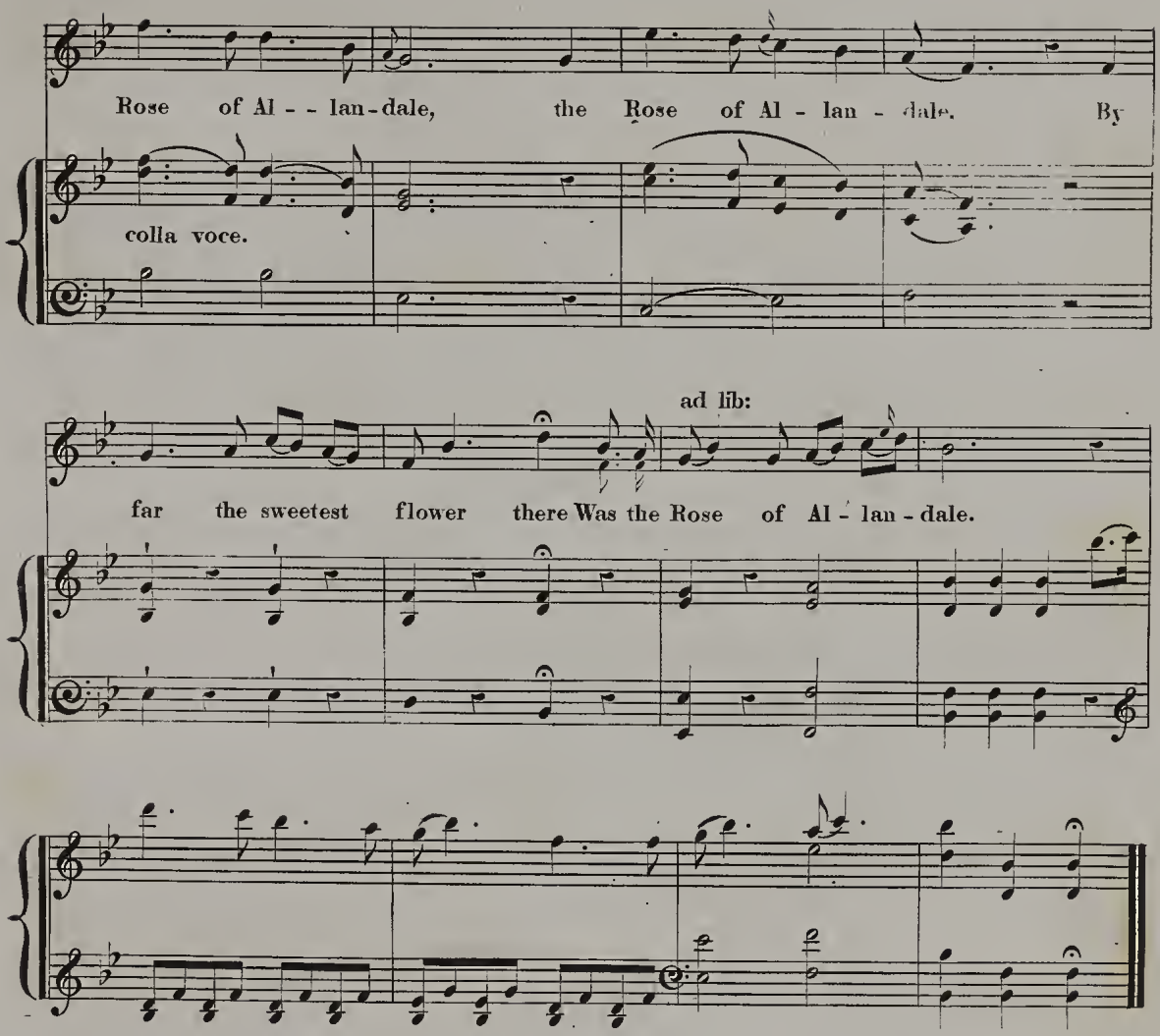
Nelson


The morn was fair the skies were clear No breath came oe'r the sea. When
Ma - - ry left her high-land cot And wander'd forth with me: Though
flow - ers deck'd the moun-tain's side And fra-grance fill'd the vale By
far the sweet-est flow - er there Was the Rose of Al - lan-dale. Was the



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Where'er I wander'd east or west,
Though fate began to lour
A solace still was she to me
In sorrow's lonely hour:
When tempests lash'd our gallant bark
And rent her shiv'ring sail
One maiden form withstood the storm
'Twas the Rose of Allandale &c.

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And when my fever'd lips were parch'd,
On Afric's burning sand,
She whisper'd hopes of happiness
And tales of distant land:
My life had been a wilderness,
Unblest by fortune's gale,
Had fate not link'd my lot to hers
The Rose of Allandale &c.